

## 7. TUSKS OF INDIAN ELEPHANTS

With reference to Mr. P. D. Stracey's note on the above subject in the *Journal* for August 1956 (Vol. 53, No. 4) I give below the measurements of two pairs of tusks of rogue elephants shot on the Baragur Hills in the Coimbatore District, Madras State, in 1926 and 1929.

1. Shot by R. C. Morris on March 2, 1926, at Kokkuvarai, Madeswaranmalai. Length of right tusk 7 ft. 4½ in. (weight 63 lb.); length of left tusk 7 ft. 7½ in. (weight 68 lb.).
2. Shot by Col. F. S. Gillespie and R. C. Morris on February 13, 1929, at Madeswaranmalai (Kokkurvari). Length of both tusks 8 ft. 2 in. (weight 90½ and 91 lb.).

It was remarkable that both these fine tuskers were shot in almost the same spot. The first elephant was undersized, due possibly to the fact that it had considerable difficulty in feeding itself, its tusks being crossed within about 18 inches of its mouth. The tusks of the second elephant were also crossed, but near the tips. Both were vicious rogues, attacking pilgrims proceeding to and from the famous Madeswaranmalai temple. The measurements were sent to and recorded by Rowland Ward and the Bombay Natural History Society.

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8. HYPNOTIC BEHAVIOUR OF A WHITEHEADED  
BABBLER (*TURDOIDES STRIATUS*)

At 5.15 p.m. on the 17th of October 1955, hearing the clamour of a party of Whiteheaded Babblers, a pair of Magpie Robins, some striped squirrels, and crows, I went out to investigate and found our kitten crouching in front of a babbler which was less than a foot away from its nose. The babbler appeared to be dead. It had its bill, chin, and breast pressed to the ground; its wings were partly open and touched the ground; and the tail was thrust up vertically and awkwardly. The cat seemed to be waiting for the bird to make some slight movement before pouncing on it. There were 4 or 5 Jungle Crows on the trees close by ready to swoop down and carry away the babbler at the first chance but the cat refused to budge even after I had given it a kick. I turned away thinking that as the babbler was dead, and our cat had been off its feed for a few days, it would be better for all concerned to let the cat eat the bird if it wanted to. At the next moment there was a sudden uproar among the babblers that had assembled there, and I turned back expecting to see the cat walking away with the corpse. But, in fact, the 'dead' babbler had suddenly flown up into the mango tree and the cat was walking away mewing plaintively. The moment the babbler reached